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FAMILY JANS

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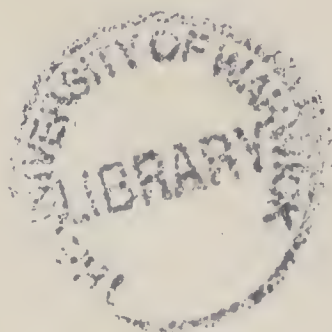
*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,
August 26th, 1822.*

CHARACTERS.

MR. PORCELAIN	MR. TERRY.
BENEDICT (<i>his son</i>)	MR. LEONILEE.
DELPH	MR. LISTON.
DIGGORY	MR. OXBERRY.
PORTER	—————
EMILY	MRS. GARRICK.
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FAMILY JARS.

SCENE.—*A richly stocked China Shop, in addition to the various articles represented in the Scene and Wings—real crockery, such as ewers, basins, tureens, plates, dishes, &c., are distributed on two counters, R. and L. A practicable door on L. At the back of the Stage a practicable staircase, as leading to an apartment, L.*

MR. PORCELAIN *is discovered at a table, c., in his morning gown and slippers, writing in a ledger, a decanter of water and a tumbler on the table.*

PORCE. Let me see—the estimate of my own portion of the stock in trade is £2,500. Well, that will make a tolerable provision for my son on his marriage; there is my cottage and land at Windsor, my houses in town, and my property in the Funds. I may safely calculate altogether about £10,000, Humph! 'tis not a great capital to retire on, after having devoted one's whole life to industry; however, I have toiled long enough, and my mind is now made up. I'll marry my son, give him my portion of this concern, and then retire to my little cottage, and smoke my pipe in quiet!—I must communicate my project to my faithful old foreman Delph, who, to do him justice, is ('bating the two trifling defects of bluntness and awkwardness) a most excellent servant; he has long taken an ample share in my labours, and he shall now participate in my repose. Delph! (*calls*) Where can the fellow be? Delph!

DELPH. (*without, L.*) Did you call me, master?

PORCE. Yes! come here Delph.

DELPH. Hopen the door, then.

PORCE. The door is not locked.

DELPH. I tell you I can't come hin if you don't hopen the door.

PORCE. (*angrily*) Come in, I say, immediately.

DELPH. Why don't you hopen the door, then? I've got my ands full, and I'm afeard o' breaking o' summut.

PORCE. I'll be hanged if the fellow hasn't always got some pretext for being waited on. (*rises and opens the door*)

Enter DELPH, L., dressed in a jacket, fur cap, and apron—has a basin in one hand, an earthen coffee pot in the other, under one arm a loaf, and under the other a plate of cold meat.

PORCE. Hallo! what does this mean? Why you are laden like a huckster's donkey.

DELPH. (*looks first at one thing then at the other*) Vot the devil shall I do? I say, master, I shall be doing a mischief if you don't elp me—just take this ere loaf of bread from hunder my harm, will you?

PORCE. What, more attendance? (*takes the loaf from under his arm, in doing which he knocks down the basin and breaks it.*)

DELPH. There, there's a go, my basin broke!—mind that ere was my hown basin, and ang me if you shan't pay for it!

PORCE. Pay you for it!

DELPH. Ay, to be sure you shall; fair play's a jewel—recollect how much you've stopped from my vages for breakage.

PORCE. You have broken ten times the quantity you ever paid for.

DELPH. I knows I paid so much, that I've been a vorking ere like a orse, for a matter o' five and twenty years; and 'ant been hable to save no money to keep me hout of a workhouse in my hold hage.

PORCE. Well Delph, 'tis not too late to reward your services. But what the deuce is all this equipage for?

DELPH. This ere? why my breakfast, to be sure—I vas but a carrying it hup into my hown room.

PORCE. And pray why couldn't you breakfast in the

kitchen? Come, put them down and remain here, I want to talk to you.

DELPH. Ave you ad your breakfast, master?

PORCE. No, I shall breakfast an hour hence, with my partner Mr. Stafford, who is to call on me on business.

DELPH. Vell, but you see as I an't got no partner, and ham a devilish deal too ungary to wish for one, in this ere concern. (*pointing to his breakfast*) I'm hoff.

PORCE. Upon my soul this is very pleasant—it appears then, that I am to obey your orders.

DELPH. By the Lord master, you're as bad as the dog in the manger, you don't vant to heat yourself, and you von't let nobody else,

PORCE. (*angrily*) Remain here, I desire you.

DELPH. Oh, wery vell, with hall my art! it's all von to me vere I breakfast. (*takes PORCELAIN'S chair and places his things on the table and prepares for his breakfast*) I can heat vile you talks, you know, master, and then we sha'nt lose no time. Remember that you broke my basin; it's lucky there's plenty more on 'em. (*takes a basin from the counter, pours his coffee into it, and begins to eat*) Vot vas you a going to say, master?

PORCE. Well, I hope you are quite at your ease.

DELPH. Oh, yes; I'm not particular, you may go on now.

PORCE. (*takes another chair and sits down,*) Well, as you deign to grant me an audience—

DELPH. Ah! that's right; I forgot to tell you to take a chair.

PORCE. Delph, my old boy, you are no longer a young man.

DELPH. Young! no, I believe you, master! ve an't neither of us no chickens. I've been obligated to follow your example, and get the barber to kivver the robberies of time as you called it, and now ve're a couple of old vigsters together. It wouldn't do though to vear my vig in the vearouse, so I mounts this ere airy cap. (*shows his head entirely bald*)

PORCE. Hear me, Delph; after long reflecting on the subject, I am at length resolved to quit business, and retire into the country.

DELPH. Go into the country! vell, Lord elp you: I

can't bear the country, not I, no, no—bustle and Bow bells for me.

PORCE. Well, if you don't choose to accompany me, you can e'en follow your own inclinations. I promised myself the satisfaction of affording you a tranquil asylum for the remainder of your days.

DELPH. Vy—did you, though?

PORCE. Yes, in my cottage at Windsor; you know Mr. Stafford, my partner, eh!

DELPH. To be sure I do, a little squatty man, with legs like pickle jars, and a body and ed like a pot-bellied mandarin on a teapot; any body may know he's a sleeping partner, for he looks for all the world as he vas in a sound sleep, and breathed for all the world as if he vas snoring.

PORCE. Will you leave your foolery, and listen to me?

DELPH. Wery vell, I'll stop my mouth, and hopen my hears.

PORCE. You know Mr. Stafford has a daughter? (DELPH nods) We have agreed to unite our families, by her marriage with my son Benedict, to whom, on retiring, I am to resign my portion of this concern.

DELPH. Vell, that ere is apropos enough, vhy—do you know I vas just thinking about marrying o' that boy of mine.

PORCE. What, Diggory?

DELPH. You knows I vas left a viddoer ven he vas a babby. I sent him down to is mother's parents in Yorkshire, to be nursed cheap.

PORCE. Ay, where they kept him to frighten the crows and tend the pigs for eighteen years, and then sent him to London, as great a cub as e'er was fed on bacon.

DELPH. Ay, but he's a good deal more cuter now though—and between you and I, Master, I'm afeared he's learning too many Lunnun tricks. Now I've got a vife in my eye for him, and if you an't got no objection, ve'll marry 'em both in the same day, and let 'em pop into our places, as master and man amongst the crockery, whilst you and I goes wisiting into the country to Vindsor, vere I'll vork away a digging a tatoes in the garden, vile you bobs for heels in the Thames; vat do you say, master?

PORCE. With all my heart; I'm quite delighted with the arrangement, and the sooner they are made acquainted with

our intentions, the better—so go and send my son to me directly.

DELPH. Stop a minute, just while I drinks this drop o' coffee; there's all the sugar at the bottom, you know.

PORCE. Will you go when I desire you?

DELPH. Vait a little—vy should I go for to disturb myself at my meals, just ven I'm going to retire? I'll call my deputy; here Diggory—Diggory! I vonder how many times I may call that young rascal now afore he makes his appearance—Diggory!

DIGGORY. (*without* I.) Here I be, feyther.

DELPH. Then vy don't you come in?

DIG. I'm busy.

DELPH. Do you ear that ere, Sir; did you ever ear such disobedience?

PORCE. Zounds! I don't know which is the most disobedient.

DELPH. Oh! Sir, 'tis shameful; it's unbearable. (*calling to DIGGORY*) Vill you come, or must I lug you in by the hears?

Enter DIGGORY, L., carrying a slice of bread and ham and some pie—while he is eating, he mumbles some words, with his mouth full, and swallows with great difficulty.

DIG. Why you have lugged my hears ever sin I come under your hands, till you've made 'em amaist as long as a rabbit's.

PORCE. Pray, Sir, what was you about so urgent, that you couldn't come when you were called?

DIG. I is comed, Sir.

PORCE. No equivocation, Sir; what was you doing?

DIG. I war but eating my breakfast.

PORCE. It seems, Delph, that your appetite is hereditary.

DELPH. (*still seated*) Why, Lord, you know the child must eat.

PORCE. Pray what is that under your arm?

DIG. (*looking at that arm under which is the pie, he raises the other*) Oh, it's no but a rent in t'ould jerkin.

PORCE. The other arm, Sir. (*looking*) Why, I'll be hanged if it isn't the game pie which I received from Worcester.

DIG. It's nout but a scrap.

PORCE. Scrap, you dog! why, it was only cut last night,

and I have scarcely touched it—carry it up this moment into the parlour.

DIG. Not an I can help it, else my poor prisoner must starve. (*watches till PORCELAIN has turned his back, then goes up centre*)

PORCE. (*perceives him*) Where are you going, Sir?

DIG. (*confused*) Why, you tould me to carry this up.

PORCE. I desired you to carry it up into the parlour.

DIG. Lord, Sir, you fluster me so, I hardly know what I am about.

PORCE. Come here, Sir. Where's my son?

DIG. He be gone out, Sir.

PORCE. It's a lie; he cannot come from his room without passing through the warehouse, and I have been here ever since six o'clock.

DIG. Well, Sir, perhaps he mought have gone out of the window.

PORCE. Or, perhaps he didn't come home last night; and perhaps this is not the first time of his playing such tricks. I have been long dissatisfied with his mode of life; and you—you, you imp of mischief, I suspect—

DIG. Suspect me, for what, Sir?

PORCE. That you are confidant of—

DIG. No, Sir; I beant confident. I thout he wor gone out, and so, Sir—

PORCE. I'll tell you what, Mister Diggory, I find that you have learnt something else in Yorkshire, besides the distortion of words; in short, I suspect that my son is becoming no better than a rake; and if I discover that you assist in concealing his irregularities, by heavens I'll turn you out of doors.

Exit R.

DELPH. Well now, as master's gone, I wants to talk to you a bit, Master Diggory. Muster Porcelain is not the only man who has got a prodigal son!

DIG. Why! what do'ee mean, feyther?

DELPH. Mean! why I mean as how you are become devilish sarcy and hundutiful lately, and I werily believe it's our young Master, Muster Benedict, as spiles you: you've got a bad pattern before you. (*angrily*) Look at me, you dog—you have got a damn'd bad pattern before you, so you have.

DIG. (*looks at him*) I don't know but I have, feyther.

DELPH. Vell, vell, ve'll soon put a end to your raking, both on you. Master's agoing to retire, and Muster Benedict is agoing to be married to Miss Stafford; and I've promised as ow you shall be married the same day to your cousin, Lucy Lutestring, the milliner.

DIG. But I say, feyther, you mun get my consent first, tho'.

DELPH. O, vat, you're going to be obstinate, are you? Oh you young varmint, you've been in a precious school lately—

DIG. Well, but—

DELPH. I vont ear a word—I made a promise and I'll keep it. If I don't find you ready and willing to go to church with your cousin Lucy ven the day comes, I'll break every bone in your ugly ide, you rascal, I vill. *Exit R*

DIG. Whew! here'll be a blow up;—wauns! why feyther wants to make a Turk o' me next; wants to marry me whether I will or no, and I've got one wife already; he wants to make a polly bigamy of me. Ecod, they little think I ha' hid my Liddy in the upper warehouse ever sin last night. What mun I do? I've a great mind to tell ould master about it, and ask him to get feyther to forgive me. If I can but pluck up spirit now to go into the parlour, ten to one if I don't find ould master all alone—ecod, here goes.

BENEDICT *peeping in at the wing L.*

BENE. Diggory! Diggory!—has my father discovered my absence?

DIGG. Indeed have he, Sir, and a nation passion he wur in surely.

BENE. What did he say?

DIGG. Say—why, he said as how you and I wur nò better nor a couple of scamps, and upon my soul I don't think he wur much out.

BENE. Curse your impudence!

DIGG. Wauns, maister Benedict! when feyther comes to know that I'm as big a rogue as you—

BENE. What, Sir? (*angrily*)

DIGG. I mean, when your feyther do cum to know that you're as big a rogue as me—

BENE. What, again?

DIGG. Lord, Sir, you knows what I do mean, but you havn't heard the worst on't. Your feyther ha' been a bargaining wi' ould Mr. Stafford, that you shall wed his daughter.

BENE. The devil he has ! Egad, then, 'tis high time to adopt some expedient—(*he pauses to reflect*)—Diggory, go and send your father to me.

DIGG. Why, what be you going to do ?

BENE. Ask no further questions, but tell your father that I wish to speak with him.

DIGG. Oh ! vary well, Sir. (*aside*) Ecod, that's lucky ; he'll keep feyther busy, while I talk to ould maister.

Exit R.

BENE. It is impossible to keep my father any longer ignorant of my nocturnal sorties—so I'll confide the whole affair to old Delph, solicit him to become my mediator with my father, and then hasten back to comfort my darling Emily.

Enter DELPH, R.

BENE. My good fellow, Delph, I've been longing to see you.

DELPH. Why, what's the matter ?

BENE. My good old friend, I'm in a terrible scrape, and I verily believe that no body but yourself can get me out of it ; do you know that my father has formed the project of marrying me ?

DELPH. To be sure I do—to his partner's daughter ; he told me so this very morning.

BENE. Well, but—

DELPH. And a wery good match too ; partners should always marry their sons and daughters together, and then they never lets the business go out of the families.

BENE. But between you and me, Delph, I can't marry the lady.

DELPH. Can't—vy, vat the devil's to inder you ?

BENE. A trifling obstacle—I'm already married !

DELPH. Married !

BENE. Yes, my good Delph, secretly married ; now judge what a dilemma I'm placed in.

DELPH. Oh ! oh ! Muster Benedict, have I cotched you ? this ere vas your staying out all night, vas it ?

BENE. (*leans on his shoulder*) My dear Delph, you have known me ever since I was an infant.

DELPH. To be sure I have, and a precious vild mischievous young hurchin you vas.

BENE. I know that my father has a great regard for you—

DELPH. 'To be sure he has : he's a man as knows the vally of a good servant.

BENE. Will you undertake to disclose to my father, the secret of my marriage?

DELPH. I'll tell you vat, Muster Benedict, it's a werry terrible thing to go for to tell a doting father, as ow he's got a hundutiful son.

BENE. Come, there's no time for moralizing ; will you do it?

DELPH. Vell, I can't say as how I likes it much, but as you an't got nobody else to do it, I'll consider about it. But ark—I ear his footstep atop o' the stairs ; get out of the vay, and leave it to me.

BENE. Thank you, my good fellow ; I don't know how to repay your kindness. Only you break the ice for me, and I'll manage the rest. *Exit, L.*

Enter PORCELAIN, R.

PORCE. What noise was that?

DELPH. Noise ! vat noise, Sir ? anything broke ?

PORCE. No, I thought I heard my son's voice.

DELPH. Oh no, Sir ; it was only me lecturing that fellow Diggory.

PORCE. Diggory ! why I've this instant parted with him in the parlour. (*DELPH turns up confused*) Ha, ha, ha ! much as this important secret of Diggory's has amused me, I cannot help feeling for the disappointment which poor Delph must experience. However, as he must know it, the sooner he is made acquainted with it the better. Delph !

DELPH. (*advances*) How the deuce shall I break it out to him?

PORCE. I'll be hanged if I know how to break it out to him ? I say, Delph, what are you doing there ?

DELPH. Why, the truth on it is, master, I was talking to myself.

PORCE. And what was you talking about ?

DELPH. About ! vy about summat as consarns you.

PORCE. Concerns me ! what do you mean ?

DELPH. Vat would you say, if I vas to tell you a secret?

PORCE. That depends upon what sort of a one it is.

DELPH. Vy then—(*aside*)—Lord if I goes to plump it out at vonce, I'll break is art!

PORCE. Come, whatever it is, out with it quickly, for I've something very particular to say to you. (*aside*) Poor fellow! I must introduce the subject by degrees.

DELPH. Suppose, then, master, as you're the father of Muster Benedict, and—

PORCE. What do you mean by that? I hope that is beyond a supposition.

DELPH. (*aside*) There, I know'd ow it would be; I thought I should be only puzzling myself. I mean, suppose your son appears to be a onest, vell-meaning, vild, hundutiful—

PORCE. Hollo! what a jumble of epithets are you making now!

DELPH. Vell then, to come to the pint; but I say, master, ave you got a soul as can bear misfortune?

PORCE. You infernal old tormentor! if you don't bolt it out immediately, I'll squeeze it out of your throat.

Collars him

DELPH. Oh, wery vell; don't blame me; you know I wanted to do it quietly; but if you will ave it out, you must know that your son—(*hesitates*)

PORCE. (*eagerly*) Well, my son?

DELPH. Is secretly married, without ever saying a word to you about the matter! there! now you've got it! the mountain vas a long vile in labour, and I think you'll find that ere no mouse!

PORCE. (*at first seems astonished, then nuses for a moment, and bursts into a fit of laughter*) Ha, ha, ha! who the deuce has been playing this trick upon you? Why, it's your own son who has got secretly married, and that was the very thing I was going to tell you of.

DELPH. (*astonished*) What, Diggory!

PORCE. Ay, Diggory; it is not ten minutes since he came to me in the parlour, fell on his knees, confessed the whole flair, and begged of me to disclose it to you, and to intrecede for your forgiveness. Why, you old fool!

DELPH. I'll tell you vat, Mr. Porcelain, if I'm an old

fool, blow me if there aint as pretty a pair on us, as any couple of dishes in your warehouse.

PORCE. Pshaw! nonsense—

DELPH. Oh! wery vell, you'll see! vy that vas Benedict's voice as you eard just afore you come in, a telling o'me all about the marriage, and a begging and praying o'me to tell you on it, so as a part of your passion may be over afore he met you.

PORCE. (*seriously*) Is it possible?

DELPH. I believe it is possible and true too, so you've got as bitter a pill to swallow as I ave, and the sooner ve gets them down the better.

PORCE. Oh! Benedict, Benedict—

DELPH. Oh! Diggory, Diggory—

PORCE. The disobedient scoundrel!

DELPH. The hundutiful warlet!

PORCE. The ungrateful rascal!

DELPH. The graceless wagabone!

PORCE. Just when I was studying to make his fortune!
(PORCELAIN *falls into an arm-chair*)

DELPH. I shall be throttled with passion. (*falls into the other arm-chair*)

PORCE. Delph, give me a glass of water.

DELPH. (*leans back in his chair*) Oh, master, I vas just a going to ax you to give me one.

PORCE. (*takes the glass and holds towards DELPH to fill*) Give me some water, I say—

DELPH. Vait a moment, just vile I refreshes myself. (*he takes up the decanter and drinks out of it, then pours some water into PORCELAIN'S tumbler*)

PORCE. (*throwing the contents into DELPH'S face*) Curse your impudence! (*both arise and pace about the stage, DELPH shaking the water off, and wiping his face with his apron*)

DELPH. Why, Lord, master you know we are both in the same mess; you're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire, as the saying is; and, as you sometimes say, misfortune levels all distinctions.

PORCE. (*after a pause*) Very true, Delph. it does; give me your hand; Now tell me, Delph, what sort of a woman has Benedict married?

DELPH. Oh, I'll be hang'd if I know; he hadn't time to tell me. But, I say, master, what sort of a vench as my opeful chap picked up vith?

PORCE. I didn't think of asking him, but I fear they have both formed connexions they are ashamed of.

DELPH. I'm afeard so too, master.

PORCE. (*angrily*) What shall I do? What will my partner, Mr. Stafford, say? Zounds, if the fellow hadn't a heart as hard as an iron-stone pitcher, he couldn't have served me so! and you, Delph, havn't you anything to say by way of consolation?

DELPH. Come that ere is a good one; muster Benedict axed me to break the hice for im, and the moment I did I tumbled into the ole, and now you wants me to do nothing but comfort you, ven you aint a bit vurser off nor vat I ham myself.

PORCE. (*in a rage*) Yes, I am worse off;—I'll disinherit the dog. I'll cut him off with a shilling.

DELPH. Yes, and I'll cut Diggory off with a shilling!—Oh, damn it, I havn't a shilling to cut him off with.

PORCE. I won't retire; I'd rather break every article on the premises than he should succeed to a single patty-pan.

Exit PORCELAIN R.

DELPH. So do, master, and as for master Diggory, only let me ketch im, and blow me if I don't throw such a black cloud over his oney-moon as he shan't forget as long as hever he lives.

Enter JOE, L. and gives him an awkward folded letter.

A note for me! who gave you this ere?

JOE. Mr. Diggory, Sir.

DELPH. (*looking at the letter*) "Muster Delph." (*opens it, and reads*) "Dear feyther, I got t'ould master to tell you as how I wur wed, cause I wur frettened to tell you mysen, like; I ha' brought my spouse into t'house." And vat!—"brought her into the ouse?" Vy this is vorser and vorser; only let me ketch er ere, that's all. I'll just go and put on my coat and vig, to give her a proper idea of my consequence, and then I'll rummage every room in the ouse but vat I'll find her.

Exit DELPH, L. 1 E.

As soon as DELPH is gone, LIDDY appears on the stairs, looking about cautiously. DIGGORY Enters, peeping L. 3 E.

DIG. He be gone again, howsumdever. (*he comes forward and perceives LIDDY*) Why, Liddy, what the deuce be you

about? Be you mad? Doan't you come down. (*he runs to prevent her; she slips by him and comes forward*) Ecod, that's a settler. I'm done now for a sartinty; wauns if feyther wur to come now! for sheam o'thysel, Liddy, nat to ha a little more patience, and stay up stairs as I tell'd thee

LID. No shame at all, at all, but your own, Mr. Diggory—to be keeping me starving in the cock-loft above, like a pig in the pound.

DIG. As sure as the devil's in Lunnun, here comes feyther again; marry on me, what shall I do? why damn it, Liddy, go up stairs, do'ee now, and make thyself easy a bit.

LID. Arrah, honey Diggory, don't be putting yourself into such a flustration. Sure it's neither murder nor robbery we've been committing, and if it's a bit of a scolding he's to give you, we'll just stay here hand-in-hand, and then, you know, we can share it between us.

DIG. I tell you what, Liddy, if you won't I wull; and so if you are so fond of a bit of scolding, as you call it, I'll gi' you my share into the bargain. *Exit L.*

LID. By my faith, and here he comes, sure enough; and I must own he's not the best tempered looking ould man I ever saw. Troth, then, I'll just step out of his way, till I see what sort of a humour he's in. (*conceals herself behind the stairs* L. 3 E.)

Enter PORCELAIN, R.

PORCE. Well, whilst I do remain in business, I must not suffer my domestic concerns to disturb me from the duties of it, nor must I permit my own perplexities to shut my heart against the calamities of others. (*goes to table and opens ledger, LIDDY looking at him*) Let me see, I have promised to aid the subscription, now raising in our ward, for the relief of the distressed Irish. I'll enter a sum in the ledger, as a donation from the concern, and if my partner should disapprove of it, I'll e'en pay the whole of it myself; and if every man in England gave a similar proportion to his finances, the sister country would soon be a stranger to the distresses which it is in the power of money to alleviate.

LIDDY. (*runs forward and drops upon her knees. He starts up*) I can hold no longer. Look at me, Sir, a poor girl, with her heart full of tears, and her eyes full of gratitude, that comes all the way from Ireland to give you thanks for the present you are going to send her darling country.

PORCE. (*raising LIDDY*) Where in the name of wonder did you come from?

LID. (*courtseying*) I came from Tipperary, Sir.

PORCE. And pray, who are you?

LID. Oh then, and isn't it the lawful wedded wife of your own good looking son I am? and may the best blessing of St. Patrick light on the jewel soul of him, for giving me sich a tinder-hearted father-in-law.

PORCE. You, you, the wife of my son?

LID. Faith, Sir, you may say that, and no turtle-doves were ever so happy as the pair of us.

PORCE. Gracious Heaven! what a taste. (*to LIDDY*) I think, young woman, yourself and your paramour had good reason to avoid asking my consent to your union.

LID. Sure I axed my own father's consent like a dutiful daughter, as I am, and if my husband didn't do the same, you know that was no fault of mine.

PORCE. And pray, who may your father be?

LID. He's a builder's assistant, Sir.

PORCE. A what?

LID. A builder's assistant, Sir; it was he that built the new street and—

PORCE. A journeyman bricklayer, I suppose?

LID. Oh, Sir, for the matters of journeys, he made a hundred to the bricklayer's one—he carries the bricks and mortar.

PORCE. Oh, a bricklayer's labourer; and pray, what's your name?

LID. Liddy, Sir; my name was Liddy Lorregan, Sir, till your son made me a present of half his.

PORCE. (*aside*) I almost wish he had made a present of the whole of it to the Newgate Calendar first. (*to LIDDY*) But pray how did my son become acquainted with you?

LID. He fell in love with me one Saturday night, when I was cheapening a scrag of mutton, up in the Irish market, above.

PORCE. The Irish market—where the devil's that?

LID. Sure it's a Munster name, it has that sound as homely as buttermilk to me; (*considers*) and its either Limerick, or Kerry, or Clare.

PORCE. Oh! Clare market; upon my soul, an interesting place to make love in; but you say you have only just come from Ireland; pray what brought you to London?

LID. A butter-boat !—I came in a butter-boat, Sir.

PORCE. A butter-boat !

LID. Yes, Sir, a big boat loaded with butter, from Cork. But if you plaze, Sir, I'll tell you the whole story out of hand. (*speaking very quick*) You must know, Sir, that about three years ago, my poor father found the times growing wurser and wurser in Tipperary, and so he comes up to London to get himself some work, and—

PORCE. Softly, softly ! you needn't inflict on me a three years' history of your family.

LID. Oh, Sir, it's no trouble at all ; sure it's a right you have to know all about your relations. So you see, my father left me with my uncle Barney, case he'd a bit of land that he hired out of a big domain.

PORCE. (*aside*) Mercy on us what a tongue. (*walks backward and forward, without listening, while she follows*)

LID. And then, Sir, the great scarcity came upon us, and we were obliged to eat the last breeding sow, and all the seed potatoes ; and so uncle Barney went and axed the landlord to relieve us ; but you see, Sir, he was a surly, hard-hearted middle-man ! and I'll never forget, when old uncle Barney come out of the house, with the tears, (*she wipes her eyes*) rouling down his cheeks, as big as kidney beans, and swore it was as asy to squeeze whiskey out of a shilalah, as to get a civil word out of his mouth, or a pra'ter out of his barn.

PORCE. What madness could have led Benedict into such society ?

LID. So then my uncle went and listed for a soldier, and an old friend of his gave me a passage to London.

PORCE. Pray was my son acquainted with your father ?

LID. Oh to be sure, Sir, it's ould cronies they were.

PORCE. What ! old cronies ?

LID. Yes, Sir, they used to smoke their pipes together at the public house of a Saturday night, till they couldn't see a hole through a 40 feet ladder, and so father tould him all about me, and axed him to be looking out for a service for me.

PORCE. By Heavens, this is too much to be borne ! my son, whose education has been even superior to his situation in life, to smoke pipes in a pot-house, 'with a bricklayer's labourer, until he couldn't see a hole in a 40 feet ladder,

and to fall in love with a half-starved Irish wench cheapening a scragg of mutton in Clare market.

LID. And as I was telling you, Sir, the first time he saw me, was in the market, and after that, he used to come home to me, and at last he tould me he couldn't find a place for me, but if I pleased, he would help me to a husband, and that was himself.

PORCE. Stupid, ungrateful boy.

LID. (*curtseys*) So then, Sir, we got married, and here's myself to ask your blessing.

PORCE. Blessing! never. Tell your hus—, curse the word, how it sticks in my throat—tell your husband that I disown him, and instead of my making him a present of my business, as I intended, if I give him five shillings to equip himself with a shovel and hod, as a companion for his father-in-law, it's more than he can expect. *Exit R.*

LID. When I came down stairs, I was as empty as my uncle Barney's cupboard in Tipperary, but now I am so full, that there's scarcely room for my heart. Oh! then let him say what he pleases, but the man that can give away his money to a parcel of poor craturs, that he never saw in his life, can't be after refusing to forgive his own darling son, for marrying an honest Irish girl, that would work her fingers to the bone, to show her gratitude.

Exit up stairs

Enter BENEDICT, *leading* EMILY, L. 3 E.

BENE. This, my love, is my paternal home, and I am confident that my father will not be long absent from this apartment. I hope you don't feel yourself falter?

EMILY. Not at all; on the contrary, I'm quite delighted with your project.

BENE. Bravo, my little heroine! I'll leave this affair to your management, and wait as patiently as I can at the hotel, until the termination of your interview. *Exit L. 3 E.*

EMILY. The more I reflect, the more I am sure that resolution and perseverance often surmount obstacles, which to timid minds appear invincible.

Enter DELPH, *in a coat and wig*, L. 1 E.

DELPH. (*aside*) Why, surely this can't be Mrs. Diggory?

EMILY. I presume, Sir, I have the honour to address the respected father of my husband.

DELPH. (*aside, abashed*) Why it is, sure enough! Were the devil could the young rogue get acquainted with sich a beautiful creature? She talks just like a lady. Vat in the name of wonder shall I say to er?

EMILY. I am aware, Sir, that by participating in the act of disobedience committed by your son, I have had the misfortune to incur your displeasure: yet I trust that when I shall have explained the purpose of my visit—

DELPH. (*approaches her*) Vy, Lord bless you, my dear. (*he turns away*) Vell, I'll be hanged if she don't strike me all of a eap.

EMILY. (*aside*) Did I hear right? My husband has already informed me, Sir, that you had intended to bestow his hand upon another.

DELPH. Vy, that ere's true enough, I certainly ad—

EMILY. Yet I cannot help flattering myself, that if you had been aware of the tender tie of affection, by which we were united, you never could have had the heart to wish it severed.

DELPH. Vy, as to the matter of that ere, that girl as he vas going to marry—

EMILY. Has the advantage of wealth; I know it, Sir; yet believe me, that is by no means the chief ingredient in the connubial cup of happiness, and although the lady—

DELPH. Lady! why, Lord love you, she wasn't a lady.

EMILY. Well then, Sir, the person whom you destined to become your daughter-in-law, may be more richly gifted with fortune than myself, yet I am willing to hope that the respectability of my family is such, that you will have no cause to blush for the connexion your son has formed.

DELPH. Oh I aint got no doubt of that ere, I dare say you are a very good young woman, and all that, but she who I wanted him to marry, Lucy—

EMILY. I hadn't the honour of knowing her name, Sir. I am conscious that your intention was the result of parental affection, and although I owe my own happiness to the failure of your project, I assure you I feel for your disappointment. I have no doubt that Miss Lucy is amiable, beautiful, and—

DELPH. Lord bless you, she ain't near so pretty as you.

EMILY. Sir, you are pleased to compliment.

DELPH. (*bows awkwardly*) No, I don't, upon my soul and body.

EMILY. Permit me, Sir, to offer the best apology for the injustice I did you, in forming an erroneous estimate of your heart. For, judging from the description I received of you from your son, I was induced to expect a torrent of reproaches and chidings, whereas I am most agreeably disappointed in experiencing nothing but the most perfect gallantry and urbanity.

DELPH. (*aside*) I don't understand above half of that ere, but I cotched enough to know, that that damned monkey, Diggory, as been given me a bad character; I suppose ven he got acquainted with er, he vas ashamed of is poor old father; ow in the name of the seventeen vonders of the world could that ere chap, vith his clodhopping valk, and is Yorkshire tongue, go for to make love to sich a voman as she? I should like to know what's her name. (*to EMILY*) Pray, my dear, what's your name?

EMILY. Emily, Sir.

DELPH. Hemily! Vy its a name fit for a lady mayress; and vat vas the rest on't before you vas married?

EMILY. Seaforth. I am the only child of the late Captain Seaforth, of the Navy; my mother lost her life in giving me birth; (*DELPH turns away much affected*) and my father was killed in the service of his country, when I was only twelve years old.

DELPH. Vy, you don't say so?

EMILY. Indeed, Sir, 'tis true. My father, at his death, bequeathed me to the guardianship of an old friend of his, under whose protection I lived until I was married, and in whose hands my little property is still retained.

DELPH. Vat! ad you a fortin, then?

EMILY. I scarcely dare call it a fortune, Sir; for I am proud to say, that the views of my father in pursuing the career of his profession, were more devoted to honour than profit, inasmuch, that one poor £1000 forms the whole bulk of my possessions.

DELPH. (*agitated*) A £1000! Vat, then, you think as ow a £1000 is to be sneezed at; why, did you expect that your father was to make you a present of the bank of Hingland. (*aside*) My hold shoes! who'd have ever thought of

this ere ! by the Lord Arry the sly young willian ad good reason for saying as ow he couldn't ave Lucy.

EMILY. Believe me, my dear Sir, the smallness of my fortune does not excite one spark of regret on my own account, but merely as it affects my husband and yourself ; yet I trust that you will deem it some compensation, to find you could not have bestowed your son's hand upon one more susceptible of the most perfect conjugal affection, or more imprest with a respectful attachment to so generous a father-in-law !

DELPH. (*chuckling*) Vy, is it possible as ow you ave taken a liking to me ?

EMILY. Both duty and inclination, Sir, combine to inspire me with affection for my husband's father, and gratitude for his kind reception of me.

DELPH. (*fondly*) Bless your little insinuating tongue, give me a kiss. (*he seizes and kisses her*)

EMILY. Dare I then hope, Sir, that you will permit me to convey to my husband, the gratifying intelligence that you are ready to confirm his choice by your approbation, and to make him happy by pronouncing your forgiveness and your blessing ?

DELPH. Vy, to be sure I ham ! Forgiveness ? vy, Lord bless you, I ham so appy, I arldly know vether I stands on my ed or my eels. Run away vith you and bring im as fast as you can. I longs to make im as appy as myself. (*aside*) A £1000 and a captain's daughter !

EMILY. My dear Sir, you have relieved my heart from a weight which was almost insupportable. (*going*)

DELPH. You beautiful little rogue, give me another kiss first. (*kisses her*) There, go along, and make haste back.

Exit EMILY L. 3 E.

Vell, if this ere isn't the rummest go as ever I know'd in my life—a £1000 and a captain's daughter ! vy it's better than a prize in the lottery. Sich a beautiful creature, too ; and then she talks like a common-council-man. My hold shoes ; but a thought comes into my ed, if this ere should be all a dream now. (*rubs his eyes*) Upon my soul, I am afeared to be too much overjoyed, for fear I should vake, and find it all a bottle of smoke with the cork out.

Enter PORCELAIN, R., pensive and dejected.

DELPH. Master, will you do me the favour to just bite my little finger. (*holding his hand*)

PORCE. Pshaw!

DELPH. I wish you would, or give me a punch o' the head, or throw another glass of water in my face.

PORCE. What the devil's the matter with the fellow—are you mad?

DELPH. Upon my soul I don't know. What do you think? Do you think I may venture to believe my hies and hears? Do you think I'm awake?

PORCE. I don't know, Delph; what makes you so anxious about being awake? I know I would give £1000 to have been dreaming during the last hour.

DELPH. Oh! master, I can't hould no longer; I ham the appiest old fellow in the bills of mortality, I've seen er—erd er—kissed er—ug'd er.

PORCE. Who?

DELPH. My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Diggory.

PORCE. And I've seen my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Benedict.

DELPH. If you ad but come in a little sooner, sich lips—sich hies—sich a woice—sich a tongue—

PORCE. Oh, in the way of tongue, I'll back Mrs. Benedict against her and bet the odds.

DELPH. Vy, Lord bless you, she's a lady, daughter of a captain in the Navy, as was killed at sea, and she's got a £1000 fortin.

PORCE. (*affected*) I'm glad of it; Delph, I give you joy. (*he shakes his hand*)

DELPH. Thank you, master, but I am sorry to see you so melancholy about your son's marriage. It isn't so very bad, I hope; vat sort of a voman is she?

PORCE. Don't ask me, Delph.

DELPH. Vy, telling me vat she is, you knows, von't make matters vorser.

PORCE. Why then she was a—(*hesitates*)

DELPH. A what?

PORCE. A poor vulgar Irish wench, driven from her own country by famine; and my fool of a son, in his anxiety to relieve her distress, could find, it seems, no other donation to bestow upon her, but himself.

DELPH. (*laughs aside*)

PORCE. I'm in a labyrinth of perplexities, and I believe I shall go distracted. My partner is so indignant at the proposed match being broken off, that he insists on an immediate partition of the stock, and the appraiser will be here in an hour to prepare the inventory. So, Delph, you shall go into the warehouse, and I'll come to you presently to prepare for his reception. I'll think no more about my cur of a son : a fellow who could break his father's heart with as little remorse as he would a damaged pipkin, don't deserve a thought. *Exit R.*

Enter DIGGORY, L. 1 E., *fearfully*.

DELPH. Come to my harms, you lucky dog ; I've seen your wife, and I forgives you all your faults for giving me such a daughter-in-law.

DIG. Why do'ee tho' ?—I thought you'd larrup me.

DELPH. Larrup thee ; why what was you afraid of ? You're a clever fellow, Diggory : and if you goes on at this rate, you'll be Lord Mayor of Lunnun afore long, you dog, you will.

Enter PORCELAIN, R.

PORCE. Come, Delph, don't stand still ; I'll assist you, and that we may be ready when the appraiser comes, let us go and arrange some of the rich goods in the upper warehouse. (*crash*)

As they go up the stage, a tremendous crash of china, accompanied with a scream from LIDDY, who comes down stairs, wringing her hands, L. 3 E.

LID. Och ! hone ! Och ! hone ! Machree !

PORCE. Hallo ! what does this mean ?

LID. (*runs over to* DIGGORY) Oh murther ! avoorneen, Diggory, dear, the whole banks of Ireland wouldn't pay for all the beautiful chany I smashed in the place above. Och ! what will I do ? where will I go ?

PORCE. I'd rather you had smashed all the china in the warehouse, than broken my peace of mind, by marrying my son. However, it was no fault of yours, and I am determined that the innocent shall not suffer for the guilty.

DELPH. That's right, master, I am glad on it.

PORCE. No, no ; however long it may be before I forget

my son's disobedience, (*advances and takes LIDDY's hand*) you, my poor simple girl, shall never want a friend and protector.

DIG. Thank you kindly, maister.

PORCE. Thank me for what?

DIG. For your goodness to my wife, Liddy, here.

PORCE. Your wife! (*looks at DELPH*) Why, Delph, the scrag of mutton is yours, after all!

DELPH. My hies! ere's a go. (*turns up to table, and sits down*)

LID. (*to DIGGORY*) What, and isn't this kind hearted gentleman your father? (*pointing to PORCELAIN*)

DIG. Feyther! no, that be maister.

LID. Oh! then it's a big hole I made in my manners. (*goes over to PORCELAIN*) Plase your honour, I hope you won't be angry at the blunder I am after making?

PORCE. Angry! not at all, I'm too happy to be displeased at any thing; and if my son would only come now with his bride—

Enter BENEDICT and EMILY, L.

And here they are, before I can finish the sentence. Come, my son, and receive the best blessing of a fond father's heart. (*he embraces BENEDICT. EMILY looks with astonishment alternately at DELPH and PORCELAIN. DIGGORY and LIDDY are up the stage kneeling to DELPH, who at last gives them his blessing in dumb show*)

EMILY. Son! Father! what can this mean?

PORCE. My dear daughter, I fully comprehend your surprise, although your husband does not. All shall be explained ere long. The cook shall provide the best dinner she can procure, for I am resolved that we shall all devote the remainder of this day to festivity and mutual congratulations—and that the generous bumper shall be the cement for repairing all our Family Jars.

DELPH.

DIGGORY.

LIDDY.

PORCELAIN, EMILY, BENEDICT.

Right

Left

CURTAIN.

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